

PR 4161
.B2 P4
1856
Copy 1

Boucicault, Dion.
Phantom.

**BOURCICAULT'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.**

No. 3.

THE PHANTOM.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY DION BOURCICAULT,

**AUTHOR OF "LONDON ASSURANCE," "OLD HEADS AND YOUNG HEARTS," "THE COR-
SICAN BROTHERS," "FAUST AND MARGARET," "LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,"
"THE YOUNG ACTRESS," "JANET PRIDE," "THE PHANTOM,"
"THE IRISH HEIRESS," "LOVE IN A MAZE,"
"ANDY BLAKE."**

This Play forms No. 165 of French's Edition of the Standard Drama.

**NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU STREET.**

1857.

D

BOURCICAULT'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

On the 22d of October, 1853, an announcement appeared in the bills of Burton's Theatre, informing the public of New York that Miss AGNES ROBERTSON would make her first appearance in the United States on that occasion. This was the first time that the name ever reached our ears. She came unheralded, unpuffed, and rose above the horizon as noiselessly as a star in the heavens. The piece in which she appeared was

THE YOUNG ACTRESS,

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Altered from an old piece called the "Manager's Daughter."

This drama was entirely re-written, and it formed the framework for a number of exquisitely drawn portraits, possessing all the life-like vigor of coloring and careful outline, which distinguishes the genius of the author of "London Assurance."

After a career of three months in New York, where she had gathered around her a host of admirers, she went to Boston in January, 1854, and made her celebrated *debut* at the Boston Museum. The excitement caused by her performances spread throughout the city and environs; it gained the neighboring villages, towns and cities, and special trains were run to bring thousands to witness this exquisite actress. The engagement was prolonged from two to four weeks, then to six, and subsequently to eight weeks. By this time the *furor* had become beyond all precedent. The tickets of admission were sold at a premium of five and six dollars each, and at her benefit, the last night of her engagement, the applicants for seats blocked up the access to the theatre and the street in front. The manager, Mr. Moses Kimball, induced Miss Robertson to prolong her performances for the ninth week, and within four hours, such was the crowd that every seat in the theatre was bought up for the ensuing week. Such was the enthusiasm created by Miss Robertson amongst the ladies of Boston, that her promenades through the streets were beset with crowds who followed her from place to place. The corridors of the Tremont House, where she resided, were blocked up with fair admirers, who fairly invaded her apartments. The childlike grace, and sweetness of manner, with which she received all these honors, that fell so suddenly and thickly upon her, won more hearts to her cause than the exquisite power of her acting on the stage. During this engagement, in which Mr. Kimball, the manager, netted something like twenty thousand dollars, Miss Robertson appeared in

ANDY BLAKE;

OR, THE IRISH DIAMOND,

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT,
Founded on the celebrated French piece, "*Le Gamin de Paris*."

Performance of the Irish boy was a beautiful creation, and drew from smiles of sympathy. From Boston Miss Robertson went

Bourcicault's Dramatic Works,
FORMING THE REPERTOIRE OF
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON.
No. III.

THE PHANTOM:

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY

Dion Boucicault

Author of "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts,"
"The Willow Copse," "Used Up," "Love in a Maze," "The
Irish Heiress," "Andy Blake," "The Young Actress,"
"The Corsican Brothers," "The Phantom," &c. &c.

6380.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by DION BOURCICAULT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK:

1856.

copy 2

PR 4161
.B2 P4
1856
copy 2

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, &c.

As Produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York City.

CHARACTERS.

<i>The Phantom</i>	Mr. Dion Bourcicault.
<i>Lord Albert Clavering</i>	" J. B. Howe.
<i>Sir Hugh Neville, of Graystock</i>	" Ralton.
<i>Sir Guy Musgrave</i>	" Etynge.
<i>Ralph Gwynne</i>	" Levere
<i>Davy</i>	" T. B. Johnstone.
<i>Lucy Pevery!</i>	Miss Agnes Robertson.
<i>Ellen</i>	" Alleyne.
<i>Maude</i>	" Ada Clare.
<i>Janet</i>	Mrs. H. P. Grattan.
<i>Alan Raby</i>	Mr. Dion Bourcicault.
<i>Colonel Raby</i>	" Ralton.
<i>Edgar, (his nephew,)</i>	" J. B. Howe.
<i>Dr. Reese</i>	" Burnett.
<i>Curate</i>	" Paul.
<i>Corporal Stump</i>	" Peters.
<i>Ada Raby</i>	Miss Agnes Robertson.
<i>Jenny</i>	Mrs. L. H. Allen.

NOTICE.—Any manager permitting this work to be performed in his theatre without the written permission of the Author, is liable to a penalty of *not less than ONE HUNDRED Dollars* for each performance—in conformity with the new copyright act for the protection of Dramatic Authors.

THE PHANTOM.

ACT I.

1645

SCENE I.—Room in a Welsh Inn.

Enter DAVY and JANET, from R. D., in flat.

Davy. [*Off at door as he enters.*] Good-bye, neighbors, good-bye.

Janet. So, Davy, we are married.

[*Down L.*

Davy. Yes, I'm a bride—a blushing bride—I confess I feel a little nervous; you have been married before—it is no novelty to you.

Janet. Don't fear, Davy, you'll make an excellent husband—you have only one fault.

Davy. I am a coward; I could not bear to be alone in the dark, but you pointed out a remedy I never should have thought of. "Davy," says you, "marry me and you'll never be alone in the dark again."

Janet. Be off with you to the stable, lock up all round, and then we will spend our wedding evening like a pair of pigeons.

Davy. [*Aside.*] I don't know how it is, but I feel a little nervous.

[*A distant peal of thunder*

Janet. Hark! a storm is coming down the mountain—make haste back. Oh, Davy, there is nothing so delightful as making love under cosy shelter in a thunder storm.

Davy. Listen, I hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs—it can't be a customer.

[*Runs up.*

Janet. A customer? Love gives way to duty—business before pleasure; we have not got a shilling in the house.

Davy. It is Miss Lucy Peveryl, and quite alone, and her horse is covered with foam—whoa! ho! she leaped that stone wall like a deer.

Janet. Miss Lucy, the daughter of Col. Peveryl, our landlord.

[*Music.*

Davy. She leaps from her horse; here she is. This way, my lady—this way.

Enter LUCY, R. D.

Lucy. My good people, I seek the shelter of your roof; a storm is coming down the mountains, and I rode to the nearest refuge.

Davy. Take a chair, miss!

Lucy. I thank you. [*Aside to JANET.*] Send your husband away.

Janet. Run, Davy, take the lady's horse to the stable.

Davy. I'll give him the biggest feed he ever got, in honor of my wedding day. [Exit, R. D. F., and off L.]

Lucy. (L.) Are we alone?

Janet. (R.) Yes, miss; how can I serve you?

Lucy. You are a woman, and by your face, I should say, a generous and brave one. I love one who is outlawed and unhappy, a price is set upon his head. Unknown to my father, I consented to meet my lover this evening, and bid him farewell.

Janet. Stop!—is he not a tall, fair young man, pale and sorrowful?

Lucy. The same; it is my cousin, Roland Peveryl.

Janet. He slept here last night, and not three hours ago he went to stroll into the mountains.

Lucy. 'Tis there I have promised to meet him, at sundown, in the ruins of Raby Castle.

Janet. [Terrified.] The ruins of Raby!

Lucy. You utter the words with horror.

Janet. Do you not know the fearful story of that place?

Re-enter DAVY, D. F.

Lucy. Hush!

[Sits R. H.]

Davy. (R.) Oh, Janet! there's such luck on our wedding day; a great cavalcade of nobles and ladies are riding down the road towards our inn; the storm is rising fast—hey! it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. [Crosses to L, JANET goes up, R. H.]

Lucy. Strangers!

[She covers her face with her veil.]

Davy. Here thy come.

Music.—Enter LORD CLAVERING, NEVIL OF GREYSTOCK, RALPH GWYNNE, SIR GUY MUSGRAVE, ELLEN, MAUDE, &c., C. D.

Lord C. Just escaped! So, hostess, I fear that we are besieged for the night. Can you give us room?

Janet. I'll do my best, but it will be a tight fit, the two rooms, upstairs, will suit the ladies. This room will, perhaps, do, your noble lordships; your followers can have the lofts—my husband can sleep in the stable.

Davy. [Coming down, R.] On my wedding night! I can't sleep with the horses.

Janet. Silence, you fool! Business before pleasure. [DAVY goes up.]

Lord C. But this lady. [Bows and crosses to LUCY.] I hope we do not incommode her.

Janet. No, my lord, she is going.

Lucy. [Rising, and withdrawing her veil.] Lord Clavering! [Crosses to C.]

Lord C. Miss Lucy Peveryl!

Maud. } Lucy!
Ellen. }

Lucy. My friends, heaven sent you at this moment to aid me.

Lord C. Command us.

Lucy. My cousin Roland, my betrothed, is a fugitive; I dare not tell my father that, for days he has been concealed in this neighborhood, seeking an occasion to bid me farewell, ere he left England forever.

Lord C. Not forever, lady. The followers of Cromwell are out-lawed, but King Charles the Second is a gentle prince, and will forgive.

Lucy. Heaven grant it ! Now, gentlemen, to your honor I confide his life. He awaits me in the ruins of Raby ;—who will escort me there ?

Maud. All !—and we too. Dear Lucy, for it must not be said that the daughter of Colonel Peveryl met her lover in solitude.

Lord C. Why should we not pass the night there ?—there is still shelter in the ruined chambers.

Sir G. [*R. corner.*] Ay,—why should we not take up provisions and wine, and make a night of it ?

Davy. [*Down c.*] I will tell you ; because no one ever sought a night's shelter in the ruins of Raby Castle, that ever lived to see the morning.

All. How !

Janet. [*Down R.*] It is true.

Davy. A terrible mystery dwells there.

Nevil. It is a den of robbers.

Davy. No ;—the pallid bodies that have been found there, were not murdered for their gold.

Sir G. Murdered !

Davy. Listen, gentlemen ;—within the ruins of Raby dwells some terrible thing—man or fiend ! [*Thunder.*] Oh, Lord !

Lord C. Speak out, man.

Davy. No traveller that knows the road will ever venture near that spot after nightfall ; but strange wayfarers, benighted in the storm, have wandered to its fatal shelter, and the next morning they are found—

Lord C. Dead ?

Davy. Each with a wound in his throat in the right side, from which they have evidently bled to death :—but no blood is spilt around, the face is white and fixed, as if it had died of horror. [*Thunder.*]

Lucy. And he, my betrothed, Roland is there.

Lord C. Can you lend credence to such a story ?

Lucy. I know not ;—but a feeling of terror creeps over me.

Sir G. So it does over me.

Lord C. What say you, gentlemen, does not this story prick your curiosity ?

Maud. It will be delightful ; the gentlemen can sit up and guard us, —quite romantic ! A haunted castle !

Sir G. It will be like sleeping in a stable full of nightmares.

Lucy. Let us not delay—the storm still holds off.

Nevil. But who is to guide us to the spot ?

Janet. Here's my husband, will do it gladly.

Davy. Me ! Do you want me to get my throat cut on my wedding night ?

Janet. You fool ! did you not hear that they will take up a stock of provisions ; we shall make a guinea by it at least.

Davy. And you'll be made a widow at least.

Lord C. Come, Davy, there's five guineas for your guidance.

Janet. [*Takes the money.*] Thank you, my lord; I'd be made a widow of every day for half the money.

Davy. I shan't go. [*Sits R.*] Not all the money in Wales could tempt me to approach the ruins after nightfall.

Janet. Davy, I must cure you of cowardice. You will take up these baskets of provisions, and return to my arms like a hero.

Davy. Like a ghost, you mean.

Janet. I shall love you to distraction for the dangers you run.

Davy. Yes—I would run like the devil.

Nevil. [*Looks in at R. D. F.*] Come, Mr. Landlord, we are waiting for you to guide us. [*Disappears.*]

Janet. He is coming, my lord. Now, Davy, take these baskets.

Davy. I shan't.

Janet. You won't!—Davy, do you know how I answered my late dear departed husband when he said "I won't?"

Davy. No, and I don't care.

Janet. [*Pulling a stick out of a broom.*] Here was my system! I'm a woman of few words and no nonsense.

Davy. On my wedding night.

Janet. After any little dispute I laid him up for a week. I called it gout, but it was broomstick.

Davy. I'm going. Oh, when I consented to become a bride, I had my fears, but I never contemplated such a nuptial proceeding as this.

[*Exit D. in F. with baskets.*]

SCENE II. *A rocky path in Snowdon leading to Raby Castle. Stage one half dark.*

Enter LORD CLAVERING and LUCY, L. H.

Lord C. The road is steep; lean upon my arm, lady. [*Lightning.*]

Lucy. See—yonder are the ruins—I saw them by that flash of lightning.

Lord C. The storm holds off—shall we not rest awhile?

Lucy. No, I will rest only in Roland's arms; he awaits me there, let us on.

Lord C. [*Crossing to R.*] See, already some of our party have gained the castle, their torches light up the battlements.

Lucy. Then he knows that I am coming. Dear, dear Roland, at least he shall bear away with him the assurance of my unalterable love.

Lord C. You are a noble and daring girl, Miss Peverly, and I would give one half my life, if I could find such a heart as yours to render the other half proud and happy. [*Excunt, R. H.*]

Enter SIR GUY and DAVY, L. H.

Davy. I have lost my way, let us turn back; the storm will reach us ere we gain the ruins. I don't like this expedition. I wish I had remained behind.

Ralph. [*Outside, R.*] Hillo!

Sir G. See, there is Ralph Gwynne on yonder rock ; ah, they have found the castle.

Davy. That's right, then you don't need me any more. I wish you a very good night ; I'll come up and bury you in the morning.

Enter NEVIL, L. H.

Nevil. Quick—on to the ruins—what is the matter !

Sir G. The rain has come down on the mountain, the torrent has swollen its banks and the bridge was carried away almost under my feet.

Davy. The bridge gone! then how am I to get home on my wedding night !

Nevil. You must pass it along with us in Raby Castle—I am sorry for the charming maiden, your bride.

Davy. No, I'm the charming maiden in this case, she was married before.

Sir G. I wish I had remained behind!

Ralph. [*Outside.*] Hillo !

Maud. [*Outside.*] Hillo !!

Nevil. [*Crossing to R. H.*] See, they have gained the castle, I see their torches flashing through the ruins. [*Thunder and lightning.*] And here comes the storm. Quick, away. [*Exit NEVIL and SIR GUY, R. H.*]

Davy. Here's a delightful night! My married life presents to my bewildered gaze a perfect forest of broomsticks, and I have the pleasant prospect of getting my throat cut on my wedding night—I might as well have married Blue-Beard !

[*Exit R. H., 1 E.*]

SCENE III. *The ruins of Raby Castle—The Chapel—C. arch.—Set doors, R. and L. H.—A hat and rapier leans against Flat, L. H.—Table and benches R. H.*

Enter RALPH GWYNNE, holding a torch ; he ascends the stairway at back.

Ralph. Hillo ! this way ! follow me !

NEVIL, SIR GUY, MAUD and ELLEN ascend stair and advance.

Nevil. Bravo ! this chamber will serve us for a supper room—the roof is good.

Maud. Where is Lord Claverling ?

Lord C. [*Without.*] Hillo !

Ellen. Here he comes.

Enter LORD CLAVERING and LUCY.

Lord C. What a strange place !

Lucy. Where is he—where is Roland ?

Ralph. We have searched the ruins in every part, except this floor.

Lucy. He is not here.

Nevil. [*Looking in L. H. chamber.*] Here is a room—how dismal !—There goes an owl out at the window.

Ralph. [*Looking in R. H. chamber.*] This is a bed-chamber, yonder is a gloomy looking couch.

Sir G. Hollo! what's here? Somebody has recently occupied this room, here is a hat and rapier.

Lord C. Ha! let me see them.

Lucy. 'Tis Roland's sword!—see, there is his cypher on the hilt.

Lord C. Then calm your fears—he cannot be far. You see he has gained the castle, he is sheltering somewhere in its vast ruins.

Lucy. Pardon me, but I feel a presentiment of some terrible calamity; it weighs upon my heart, as if some evil had befallen him!

[*LUCY and LORD C. go up to window Flat. The servants lay the table. R. H.*

Sir G. What a dismal hole!

Ellen. It is not romantic.

Nevil. Where is the supper? Where's Davy?

Enter DAVY, c., very pale, with baskets.

Davy. Here I am in a cold perspiration—I am sure my hair must be turning gray—my heart feels like a jelly!

Nevil. Here—give us the supper.

Davy. Take it, and let me say my prayers before I'm murdered.

Lord C. [*Waving a torch*] Roland! Roland!

Davy. Lord!—what's that?

Ralph. Fool! it's only Lord Albert calling from the balcony for young Roland Peveryl.

Davy. I thought it was the devil calling for me.

Lucy. Roland! Roland!

Nevil. There! all is ready. Come, Lord Albert.

Lord C. [*Advancing*] Fear not, dear lady, your betrothed hath wandered from the path, and is sheltered in some mountain cave.

Ellen. The storm is passing, he will soon be here.

Lucy. No, no, a feeling of terror clings to my heart, but do not let me detain you from supper or spoil your festivities.

Lord C. Will you not join us?

Lucy. Oh! pardon me, I cannot.

Lord C. Away then; Davy, guide our servants to the rooms above, and prepare some shelter where the ladies may sleep.

Davy. Sleep! Oh, Lord! what strong minded women they must be, who could sleep in the ruins of Raby Castle.

[*Exit with servants, c. and off, L. H.*

Nevil. And while we sup let one of our party mount guard upon yonder stairway. I will take the post as sentinel. [*Stands c. at back.*

Lord C. Come, ladies, bumpers—why, Musgrave, you look pale, you actually tremble—have you caught the fears of that booby?

Sir G. N—no!—only caught a cold in my head.

Lord C. Our adventure to-night reminds me of a strange story attached to a ruined castle in Germany.

All. Let us hear it.

Lord C. It is a ghost story, ladies, and a fearful one, I promise you; fill and listen. It is now three years ago that while travelling in Bohemia I passed just such a night as this in the ruins of an old feudal castle, which had the reputation of being haunted.

Ra'ph. By the murdered bride of some rascally old baron ?

Lord C. No—by a strange being, whom they call a vampire.

All. A vampire !

Lord C. Aye—the peasantry of the neighborhood declared that a phantom of this kind inhabited the ruin, and fed upon the benighted travellers who sought shelter there.

Sir G. What the devil was it like ?

Lord C. It was a human being, who had died some fifty years before, but who had made a compact with the fiend to revive him after death. By some terrible means a false life was instilled into the corpse, which moves and speaks, but no warm blood circulated in the monster's veins, all within was still as death.

Nevil. [*Up at c. d.*] But on what does he live ?

Lord C. On human blood ! Upon the lives of others, he recruits his terrible existence.

Lucy. He comes not—oh ! Roland, my heart is sick with fear.

[*Music.*

Sir G. Give me a bumper of Burgundy.

Ralph. What a dreadful story !—Can it be true ?

Lord C. True !—Impossible !—It is but the creation of a diseased brain.

Nevil. Alert !—I see a dark figure moving amongst the ruins below.

Lord C. It may be Roland !

Lucy. Roland !

Nevil. As the flashes of the lightning gleam upon him, he seems by his garb to be a Puritan ! He mounts the ruined stair !

Lord C. To arms, gentlemen ! [NEVIL advances down.

Enter ALAN RABY, c. d.

Lord C. Who art thou ?

Alan. I am a stranger, benighted in the storm. I heard that a noble company had sought shelter here—I come to claim your hospitality.

All. A Puritan !

Alan. Aye, a Puritan—one who has been your foe. [*Thunder and lightning*]. But on a night like this, may we not be at peace ?

Lord C. You are welcome, sir. [ALAN advances.

Sir G. What a strange figure ! [Gets to L. H.

Nevil. (L. c.) Do you remark the unnatural pallor of his countenance ?

Lord C. May we ask whom we have the honor to entertain ?

Alan. My name is Gervase Roodwook, a poor gentleman, and a stranger to these mountains—in the darkness of the storm, I lost the path, and thus became a suppliant to your courtesy.

Lord C. We have just supped, sir—I pray you be seated. I will hold you company. [*Re-enter DAVY, c.*] Ha ! Davy, kindle a fire—take our guest's cloak and hat and dry them

Davy. Yes, my Lord. I tremble in every limb at every turn in this infernal castle. I expect to find myself face to face with the spectre—with the—the—oh, Lord !

[As he takes ALAN's cloak, and as ALAN hands his hat, DAVY catches a glimpse of his face and staggers back.

Sir G. (L. H.) What's the matter ?

Davy. (L. c.) Sir—sir—do you know—this—gentleman ?

Sir G. No—do you ?

Davy. N—no—that is—yes—I—I—oh, it cannot be !——

Nevil. (L. corner.) What do you mean ?

Davy. [*Looking at ALAN.*] Ten years ago the Lord of this castle, Sir Alan Raby, was slain in this very room. I saw him once when I was a child, and he—he was exactly like ——

Sir G. Who ?

Davy. [*Recoiling.*] N—n—nobody !

Lord C. Pardon this fellow, sir ; his terror drives him crazy. This castle, ten years ago, was the scene of an unnatural murder. It belonged to Owen Raby, a noble cavalier, who fought bravely for King Charles, while Alan Raby, his younger brother, espoused the cause of Cromwell, and became a Puritan.

Davy. [*Watching ALAN.*] I saw him once : I remember his black plume and cloak—not blacker than his heart—his bible hanging by chains from his belt, and his sword in his gripe.

Lord C. Since the murder of Owen Raby by his brother, and the subsequent destruction of the castle by our troops, the peasantry imagine that the place is haunted.

Davy. Yes, by the ghost of the murderer, who pursues his business upon all who seek shelter here.

[*Crosses to L. H.*]

Lucy. [*Rising—goes to ALBERT, c.*] My Lord, pardon my importunity, but a shapeless terror haunts me—the presence of this stranger appals me—his gaze chills my heart.

Lord C. Do not fear, you are safe with us. Come, be advised ; take some refreshment, you are weak.

Nevil. Come, Davy, relate to us the particulars of the murder.

Davy. I dare say this gentleman knows all about it. [*Aside.*] If I could hear him speak, I think I could recognise Alan Raby's voice.

Lord C. It is now ten years ago since the deed was done. At midnight the castle was surprised by a party of Puritans, headed by the younger brother, the sleeping garrison were butchered——

Davy. In yonder chamber Sir Owen Raby slept. [*Points L.*] The mark of his blood is still upon the floor where he fell, run through the heart by his brother Alan.

Sir G. But the murderer met his doom ?

Lord C. One year afterward the castle was attacked and stormed by the Royalist forces, and the fratricide was taken.

Davy. Yes, in this very room, they seized him by the neck and hurled him headlong from yonder window.

Nevil. There is a precipice beneath of untold depth.

Davy. Then they set fire to the castle and blew up the battlements. The next day a search was made for Alan Raby's body on the rocks beneath, but no trace of it could be found.

Lord C. Let us thank heaven that the civil war is ended, which arrayed brother against brother, and father against son.

Alan. Amen to that prayer !

Davy. Eh! [*Recoils in terror.*] Oh! that voice! *Falls on his knees.* Oh, sir—we're all dead men!

Lord C. What do you mean?

Davy. Take my advice, sir, throw him out of yonder window—do, sir!

Lord C. Are you mad, fellow?

Davy. He is used to it, sir.

Lord C. Be silent, fool! [*Enter four servants with torches, c.*] Come, ladies, I see that your place of rest for the night is prepared—Miss Peveryl, you will occupy yonder apartment. [*Points R.*] Gentlemen, the apartment beneath is at your service. I will remain in this room and keep watch, for although I do not believe in ghosts, I have a sound suspicion of robbers—so, good night, and pleasant dreams to all.

[*Music.—Exeunt all C. D., LUCY R. H.*]

Now, Davy, leave me, I would pass the night alone. [*Points L. H.*] There is the chamber yonder where you can sleep.

Davy. That is Alan Raby's bed-room!

Lord C. Nonsense—I am weary of this folly—leave me. [*Sits, R. H.*]

Davy. Yes, my lord—I—I—am going.

[*Goes towards the door—returns.*]

Did your lordship call?

Lord C. No—begone!

Davy. Yes—I am—I—[*Goes to the room, and pushes open the door.*] Lord! how dark it is—I beg pardon, but you have not about you a morsel of candle—

Lord C. Away, I tell you—the moon will shortly rise, and you will have light enough.

Davy. I am going—[*In his absence of mind he takes up the candle.*] Good night!—[*LORD C. wrests candle from him.*] Exactly—I beg pardon—I—feel I—I'm going—good night!

Lord C. Good night, Davy, good night!

Davy. [*Goes, looks in and returns.*] I forgot to say—good night.

Lord C. Will you leave me?

Davy. Yes, my lord—don't you see—I am leaving you—I—ho! ho! [*Sings.*]

“Of all the birds that sing so sweet,
When of an eventide,
Upon the hawthorn bough they meet,
To carol side by side!”

[*Sings very loud as he enters the chamber, to give himself courage. Music—a pause—DAVY is heard to utter a shout from the chamber, L. H. LORD C. starts up—DAVY runs in, his hair on end with terror—he falls on his knees, and clutches LORD C.'s arm.*]

Lord C. How now?

Davy. There—there—

Lord C. What—speak!

Davy. Somebody—

Lord C. Some one in yonder chamber? [*DAVY nods.*] Impossible!

Davy. Some one on the ground, I tell you. I was searching for a soft place to lie me down—I found what seemed to be a heap of clothes; scarce had I settled myself to sleep upon it, when I found my pillow was a human corse.

Lord C. If this alarm be but the creation of your brain I will cut your coward ears off. [*Takes candle and goes into chamber, L. H.*]

Davy. I'll take to my heels, while I have a whole skin—here's a wedding night! [*Exit, c. d.*]

Re-enter LORD C., pale and horror-struck.

Lord C. Horror! 'tis true—a murderous deed has been hastily done. Here lies young Roland Peveryl dead, a wound deep in his throat, but bloodless, and there he lay while we were feasting here, and she, too, wretched girl, whose fears I derided, she sleeps, sleeps there, while here her lover lies a corse—no, it must not be—she shall quit this fatal place. [*A prolonged cry is heard within Lucy's room.*] That cry! It is her voice! [*Another cry.*]

Lucy. [*Within.*] Help me—help—

Lord C. Perdition! she is not alone!

[*Throws down the candle, it is extinguished. Stage dark. Enter LUCY from her chamber—her hands clasp her neck, as she reels forward.*]

Lucy! Lucy!

Lucy. Help me—murd—

[*Falls dead in the arms of LORD C.*]

Lord C. Murdered!

[*SIR ALAN RABY enters from LUCY's room. feeling his way in the dark.*]

Ha! a form steals from her chamber!

[*Draws a pistol and fires at ALAN RABY, who utters a cry, and reeling forward, falls across the Table.*]

Enter RALPH, SIR GUY, SIR HUGH NEVILLE, ELLEN and MAUDE, also SERVANTS, all with Torches.—Light Stage.

Lord C. Rookwood!

Alan. What have you done? I heard a cry, a cry for help—it came from a chamber next to that in which I slept: I burst the door of communication, and entered only in time to see the murderer escape—he fled by the window. I hurried hither to obtain assistance when—Ah!—

Lord C. I have murdered him!

[*ELLEN and MAUD tend LUCY.—Group, L. H.*]

Alan. Aye, I die by your hand!

Lord C. Forgive me, sir, oh, forgive me! Let not your blood lie upon my soul—for I am innocent of murder. [*Kneels at ALAN's feet.*]

Alan. Stand apart.

Lord C. Away!

[*They all retreat.*]

Alan. On one condition, I will forgive thee—one.

Lord C. Name it.

Alan. By the tenets of the religious sect, whose faith I rigidly profess, the dead must be consigned unto the grave with an especial ceremony,

Lord C. I will perform it! Speak!

Alan. When I have breathed my last, let my body be conveyed amongst the peaks of Snowdon, and there exposed to the first rays of the rising moon, which touch the earth.

Lord C. It shall be done. I swear it.

Alan. Enough! I accept the oath!

[Dies.

[LORD CLAYERING buries his face in his hands.—Picture.

SCENE IV.—*The Rocky Pass, the same as in Scene II.*

Enter DAVY, R. H.

Davy. Oh, Lord—I have escaped from that horrible castle—I tumbled down stairs, scrambled over rocks, rolled over precipices, and here I am. Oh, here's a bridal night! here's nuptial bliss! Oh, what would I give to be at home, in bed—beside broomsticks, with my head under the clothes.

Enter SIR HUGH NEVILLE and MAUDE, R. H.

Nevil. Who's there?

Davy. [Falling on his knees.] Ah, he's after me, I'm a dead man!

Nevil. Rise, you fool, and conduct us to the village.

Davy. Eh! how you frightened me—I thought it was the devil.

Enter SIR GUY MUSGRAVE, ELLEN, and RALPH GWYNNE, R. H.

Nevil. Where is Lord Albert?

Sir G. We left him in the ruins—he said that he would guard the body of the unfortunate puritan, until morning.

Ellen. Oh, I am sick with fright! Let us on to the village; my heart is faint with terror.

Nevil. It has, indeed, been a night of terror to us all.

Davy. Look! [Points off, R. H.] See—on yonder mountain path—see—

Nevil. It seems like the figure of a man, struggling upwards to the peaks of Snowdon.

Ralph. He bears some dark burthen in his arms.

Davy. 'Tis Lord Albert with the body of the Puritan.

Ellen. What can be his purpose?

Sir G. To pitch him over into some chasm of the mountain.

Davy. No;—the grave has never yet been dug deep enough to hold Alan Raby!

Nevil. This fellow is mad with fear. Come, let us proceed to the village.

Davy. Follow me—the road is dangerous; one false step, and you roll down a thousand feet into the abyss.

Sir G. The moon is rising, and we soon shall have light enough.

Davy. This way.

[Exeunt, L. H.]

SCENE V.—*The Peaks of Snowdon.*—No vegetation whatever is visible, but a sinister, tender, bluish light gives a desolate character to the scene.—On a ledge of rock, half scene high, LORD CLAVERING is discovered, with the body of ALAN RABY in his arms.—Music.—He lays down the body on the ledge of rock, and then descends a winding goat track.

Lord C. I have redeemed my oath! Oh, let me hasten from this unearthly spot—this death-like solitude! [Disappears off, R.]

[A pauc. The moonlight is seen to tip the highest peaks and creeps down the mountain side; it arrives at the ledge, and bathes the body of ALAN RABY in a bright white light.—After a moment his chest begins to heave and his limbs to quiver, he raises his arm to his heart, and then, revived completely, rises to his full height.]

Alan. [Addressing the Moon.] Fountain of my life! once more thy rays restore me. Death!—I defy thee!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Hall in Raby Castle.* 155

Enter CORPORAL STUMP, D. F.

Stump. Hollo!—house—here—house! Is there nobody in this hotel? Come in, Colonel Raby.

Enter COL. RABY and EDGAR, C. D.

Col. (C.) The hotel seems to be deserted—can we find horses to carry us up the mountain?

Edgar. My dear Colonel, I know a goat track that crosses the rocks, where often, when a boy, I descended from Raby Castle to this spot. Let us proceed on foot, and give old Dr. Rees a surprise.

Col. Yes, you cunning dog—and steal a march upon Ada, also.

Edgar. My heart bounds like a deer in my breast, and I long to clasp my dearest love, my betrothed, in my arms—go on, Colonel.

Stump. I will see to the luggage and bring it after you to the castle.

Col. Here is a letter to the curate of the village. Let all the tenants, with their families, assemble to-night in the halls of Raby Castle. Then Ada Raby shall receive from me the hand of the man whom her heart has chosen.

Edgar. My dear uncle! [Embracing him] How can I express my gratitude?

Col. Try and walk it off. Exercise subdues every emotion. Come, I am ready to back my case—hardened legs against your young limbs—even although winged with love. Let us ascend the mountain track.

[Exit EDGAR, C. D.]

Stump. Take care, Mr. Edgar—your wound is scarcely healed—the exertion—

Col. I forgot that. So—egad! the young rascal is off like a stag

[Exit COL. RABY, C. D.]

Stump. There they go. Two fine, brave, and noble fellows as ever fought. But where's Jenny? My heart, also, bounds like a dumpling in a pot, and I long to clasp something or other.

Enter JENNY, L. H. 1 E.

Jenny. A soldier!

Stump. Jenny!!

Jenny. What—Joe! Joe Stump!

[*They embrace.*]

Stump. How can I express my gratitude? [*Kisses her.*] Exercise subdues the emotions.

Jenny. Law! what a fine, handsome fellow you have grown, to be sure!

Stump. Ain't I? Five foot four, in my boots.

Jenny. Every day, since you left me, five years ago, I have gone up to the castle, to hear if Miss Ada or Dr Rees had heard from the wars; and Miss Ada used to tear me off a bit of Mr. Edgar's letters, when he spoke of you, and give it me.

Stump. What for? You don't know how to read.

Jenny. No! But it was something to look at and cry over, and put under my pillow at night.

Stump. Hollo! I must not stand gossiping here. Mr. Edgar is to be married to Miss Ada to-night. Here's the letter to the curate. All the village is invited.

Jenny. Miss Ada married! Mr. Edgar returned?

Stump. Why, have they not been betrothed ever since they were children? What's the matter with you?

Jenny. Two months ago the news arrived here that Mr. Edgar had been killed in battle. When Dr. Rees read it, Miss Ada fell down as if she had been shot, and a fever came on her—she lost her senses—and she died.

Stump. Died!

Jenny. So Dr. Rees came down and told us—when he ordered her coffin from old Graves, the carpenter—and the bells of our church tolled for her. The night before her burial, a stranger arrived at Raby Castle. —he consulted with Dr. Rees, and the next day they countermanded the coffin, and stopped the mourning—Miss Ada had revived.

Stump. I always thought that old Dr. Rees was a humbug. I remember, when I was a boy, he wanted to stick all the village children in the arm with a lancet. What for!—to give you the small-pox! He said it would cure them of it. He's mad. Well!—

Jenny. Ever since her recovery, Miss Ada is no longer the same girl she was. She is pale and sad. She used to pass hours in speaking to me of Mr. Edgar, and now when I mention his name, she shudders all over.

Stump. Marriage will cure her of that.

Jenny. Will it, really?

Stump. I warrant ye.

Jenny. I say, Joe, I've got the shivers very bad, especially through the long winter nights.

Stump. [*Slapping his breast.*] Here's the remedy, to be taken immediately! To-night, when the Captain and Miss Anna are married, will you be mine?

Jenny. To night!! you take away my breath!

Stump. That's my way of doing it—off hand—without any ceremony.

Jenny. Without any ceremony! Oh, you villain, dare you offer to marry me without a ceremony?

Stump. My dear little Welsh angel—you shall have it all complete—parson—bell—marrow-bones—cleavers and all the poetic mind could desire.

Jenny. I'm only an innocent and helpless girl, but, if you take advantage of my feelings—

Stump. Oh!

Jenny. I should break your back with a chopper!

Stump. Moderate your virtue, my dear Jenny—and subdue its indignant blazes; come along, and rely on me, the honor of the British soldier is a matter of history.

Jenny. Yes, but my virtue is a matter of fact. And a girl is a fool, who relies on her lover, before she has lost all reliance on herself.

[*Exeunt* R. H., 1 E.]

SCENE II. *A room in Raby Castle.*

Enter COLONEL RABY and EDGAR, C. D.

Col. [*Looking off.*] So Edgar, we have penetrated thus far into Raby Castle without seeing a living soul.

Edgar. We are not expected, and you know, my dear Colonel, that the whole garrison consists of Dr. Rees, our dear Ada and two servants.

Col. But see, here comes the old Doctor.

Edgar. Dear old Doctor—the same gentle tutor of my youth—how my heart yearns towards him.

Enter DR. REES, L. H. 2. E.

Rees. Strangers?—no—yes, it is my dear Edgar, my dear boy—and Colonel Raby also! my kind friends, welcome home.

Edgar. (L.) I have thought daily of you—and in my trunks below, you will find some old books that I picked up in Flanders on your favorite subject—Alchemy.

Rees. (C.) Always the same good, kind heart.

Edgar. But where is Ada?

Rees. On the South Battlement.

Edgar. I know the spot—pardon a lover's impatience. I fly to claim the first kiss. [*Exit* C. D.]

Col. (R.) Go along, for the finest fellow that ever won a woman's heart.

Rees. (L.) Hist!

[*Walks around and looks off.*]

Col. What the plague is the old Dominic about?

Rees. Colonel Raby—I thank heaven you have come back.

Col. What's the matter?

Rees. I have to relate to you a strange and wild history that has taken place in Raby Castle since your departure. It is now three

months ago, Ada and I were seated at breakfast, and the dear girl was reading the London Journal which had just arrived with news of the great Battle of Blenheim.

Col. When my regiment behaved so bravely.

Rees. With sparkling eyes she read the praises bestowed on your name.—when suddenly the paper escaped from her hand, and she fell senseless to the ground.

Col. Edgar was returned killed.

Rees. I read it then—"Captain Edgar Peveryl mortally wounded, died on the following day."

Col. So we believed, but thanks to the wondrous skill of a strange physician, he was snatched from the grave, and ere I could pledge my gratitude to our benefactor, he had disappeared from the camp as mysteriously as he entered it.

Rees. The news of Edgar's recovery also arrived, but it came too late—a brain fever struck my dearest child, and my darling Ada died in my arms.

Col. You terrify me.

Rees. As I live she was dead! for five days I watched, and for five nights I prayed by her bedside;—it was the night before her funeral when a carriage drove into the castle yard.—A stranger alighted, and I met him in this room. He came to see Ada.—I knew not his errand—before he could explain it I told him that she was dead, still he asked to see her.—I would have refused, but he waived me aside, and passed by me, finding his way to her chamber, as if every avenue in the castle were familiar to him.

Col. Your story is strange, indeed.

Rees. We stood by her bedside; he gazed long upon her, and then placed his hand upon her forehead; his brow contracted; his eyes seemed to glow with fire. Long time he stood thus, until I started with horror; a shudder quivered through her frame; she moved. The stranger smiled; he stooped down and pressed his lips to hers; her eyes opened, and she drew a deep sigh.

Col. She was in a trance.

Rees. Slowly, day-by-day, she recovered, but it was not the same life that lived in her; it seemed not to be the same blood that flowed in her veins; her soul appeared to cling to him for support; she obeyed his gestures, and trembled beneath his gaze.

Col. Speak out, Doctor; I am a soldier, and love an open heart. What do you fear?

Rees. I fear that this man deals in witchcraft, and I believe there is something in him supernatural.

Col. Because he cured my child when you had given her up?

Rees. No, because I have watched him, and he never eats, drinks, or sleeps. At night, he wanders from the castle into the mountains; and one bright moonlight night, from the high turret window, I followed his track with my telescope.

Col. For shame, Doctor; did you play the spy?

Rees. He ascended to the very peak of Snowdon, and there, upon a ledge of rock, he stood alone, watching the moon rise. As the first

rays fell over the snowy-waste, he bared his breast, and spread his arms towards the luminary.

Col. He was gathering herbs and simples, which must be culled at that hour to ensure their virtue.

Rees. The next evening I climbed the mountain, and concealed myself near the spot; he came; again his breast seemed to drink in the moonbeams. I looked close, when I saw here, in his left bosom, just over the heart, was an unclosed wound, as if a pistol bullet had passed through him!

Col. Ha! ha! would you have me believe that this gentleman is dead as well as Ada?

Enter ADA and EDGAR, C. D.

Look there, you old infidel, there's life, and the best proof of it—Love!

Ada. (L.) My dearest father! [*Crosses to C.—embraces COLONEL.*]

Col. (R.) My darling child, do I behold you again; but you look pale.

Edgar. (L.) She has been ill, very ill, and she is still weak.

Ada. (C.) No, your presence revives me; but forgive me, dear father, and you, Edgar, pardon me, if I am no longer the same thoughtless girl you once knew. I knew not how much I am changed until this moment, when I can remember our parting, and I compare it now with our meeting.

Edgar. Her memory has faded—her hand fell listless into mine, and as I spoke words of love and fondness, she echoed them as from the hollowness of her heart.

Ada. No, no. I love you, more—more than ever; but I am still in the trance from which he recovered me.

Edgar. Your physician?

Ada. Aye! and yours—Rookwood.

Edgar. } Rookwood!

Col. }

Rees. You know him?

Edgar. It is to him I owe my life.

Col. His appearance here is rather strange.

Ada. I know all. When I fell into a trance, I saw you lying in your tent, dead; I saw Rookwood arrive, and I watched by your bedside during recovery.

Col. She raves!

Ada. Rookwood hastened hither; day and night he travelled; he lavished gold, and flew over the land. I saw him coming, and also I saw the preparations for my funeral; oh, it was a terrible thing, father, for I could not tell if they would not bury me ere he arrived. I struggled to speak, but I was cold and motionless, living, but dead.

Col. This is, indeed, terrible, my child!

Ada. But he came—he came, and I revived, yet my life is held in his power. When he approaches, a thrill quivers through my veins; I am enchanted by his eyes, as a bird beneath the fascination of a serpent.

Edgar. [Aside.] Oh, what pang of suspicion is this that seizes my heart!—can it be that she loves him?

Col. My dearest Ada, all this is only the effect of an overwrought imagination; as your strength returns, you will laugh at these follies.

Ada. No, it is not folly; for now—now—I feel that he is approaching this room—he crosses the battlements—see, he enters the corridor—his eyes are fixed upon me!

Edgar. [*Gazing at her.*] You cannot see him.

Ada. But my soul can.

Col. Ada!

Ada. He comes! he comes!

Enter ALAN RABY, c. from L.

Col. Rookwood!

Edgar. 'Tis he!

Alan. Behold your child, Colonel Raby, restored to life.

Edgar. She trembles!—lean upon me, dearest. [*Crosses to R. c.*]

Col. How shall I repay you this double debt? I owe you the lives of my two children.

Edgar. Let me lead you forth into the air; we will revisit the spots so dear to us both, and where, as children, we exchanged our love.

Ada. I cannot—he—he—enthral me!

Alan. Go, Ada—lead Edgar to the spots you love—go!

Ada. Come

[*Exit EDGAR and ADA, c., and off L. H.*]

Col. [*Aside*] I will demand an explanation of Rookwood, who, and what is he? and what mystery is this which surrounds him? and why does he thus bestow upon my family obligations I can never repay?—
[*Aloud.*] Doctor! [*Crossing to L. c.*] I see that the corporal has arrived with our luggage. You will find amongst it a box marked with your name; open it, it contains some choice volumes, a rare feast—a collection of monkish recipes and a book of Arabian charms.

Rees. If I could only find amongst them a recipe to exorcise the devil.

Col. Hush!

[*Exit DR. REES, L. H. 1 E.*]

Alan. (c.) You are surprised, Colonel Raby, to find me here, and no less surprised to account wherefore one who is a stranger to you and yours should bestow obligations on your family, which you know not how to repay—

Col. [*L. H.*] You anticipate my very thoughts.

Alan. You shrink from the mystery that surrounds me, and my appearance affects you strangely.

Col. I must confess it.

Alan. I seem almost unearthly.

Col. It is doubtless the effect of study.

Alan. No—it is the result of a mortal wound—

Col. In the left breast?

Alan. [*Aside.*] I thought so—I have been betrayed. [*Aloud.*] By the study I lavished on my own life to preserve it, I was enabled to save that of your child.

Col. I can never forget it, sir—never!

Alan. You will, when you know all. My presence here was not to bring you aid and comfort, but misery and destruction. In a word, I am the legal master of the broad acres which you usurp, and I am the lawful lord of Raby Castle!

Col. You?

Alan. By what title do you hold this estate?

Col. The clearest in the world. The last of the old Raby family, Sir Alan Raby, died, or was killed, rather, and leaving no will, the estate reverted to a distant branch of the Raby's, and I am their descendant.

Alan. You are mistaken; Alan Raby did leave a will, and here it is.

Col. How! [*Takes an old document from ALAN.*]

Alan. It is in his own handwriting, which may easily be identified, dated a few months before his death.—It bequeaths this estate to Ger-vase Rookwood, and of that man I am the descendant.

Col. But why was not this claim pressed before?

Alan. The Rookwood herein named, was a Puritan, and fled to America; when this document reached him he was proscribed, and dared not return to England to claim this estate. He died, and until now the claim has been overlooked.

Col. Mr. Rookwood, frankly, I am confounded by this intelligence; but there is a proud joy that mingles with my sorrow, for now I can in some degree give you proof of my gratitude. I yield you immediate possession. The tenants are gathering in the hall to witness Edgar's marriage. I will there announce to them that in you they behold their future lord.

Enter EDGAR, C.

Edgar, you have often regretted that Ada was wealthy, while you were penniless. Read that document, [*Gives EDGAR the will,*] your pride is satisfied, for she is no longer the heiress of Raby, but the poor child of a soldier of fortune.

Edgar. Rookwood!

Col. Rookwood, who preserved Ada for your love—Rookwood, who saved your life—

Edgar. [*Advancing to ALAN.*] You saved my life, but you have robbed me of all that made life dear—Ada lives, but she lives for you alone—who are you, that have bereft us of all, yet seem to be our benefactor?

Col. Edgar!

Edgar. She loves him—she has confessed the terrible fascination he possesses over her—she clung to me with tears, and faintly repeated her vows of love, but I knew they came not from her heart—

Col. Rookwood, you love my child, you have shown her that deed, and to save me from beggary she would consent to wed you.

Enter ADA, C.

Alan. She is here—let her speak.

Col. Ada, come hither; you have seen the tenants of this estate assembling in the hall—do you know why they are here?

Ada. They come to welcome home their lord and master, my noble father.

Col. (c.) No. I am no longer the lord of Raby Castle—yonder is my successor.

Ada. (l. c.) He!

Col. Listen, my child. There stands your lover—here, the saviour of your dear life : both love you ; let your heart judge between those men.

Ada. My father !

[*She stands bewildered.*]

Col. If you no longer love my poor Edgar, do not dishonor him by yielding him a heartless bride ; but if for my sake you would sacrifice your young heart to preserve my fortune, you would be trebly false to your lover, and to your father !

Enter CORPORAL STUMP, C. D.

Stump. Colonel, the curate has arrived and awaits you in the chapel. The tenants are assembled in the hall.

Col. The curate has come to bless your union, Ada.

Ada. [*Still bewildered.*] Mine !

Col. I leave you to decide.

[*Exit COL. RABY followed by the CORPORAL, C. D.*]

Ada. (c.) What do I hear ?

Alan. (r.) You hear that I love you. Ada, my soul, are you not mine—are you not she whom I have snatched from the jaws of death ? I love you, your young life shall revive me, and for this end I bade you live.

Ada. What power is this that oppresses me ?

Alan. It is my will ; mine eyes fix upon thy heart as if with fangs, while my soul like a serpent entwines thine within its folds, and crushes thee to my will. Ada, thou art mine !

Ada. Spare me. Yes, thou art my master ; I cannot oppose thee.

Edgar. [*L. Goes to ADA.*] She turns away from me. Not one look, Ada—Ada, will you not speak to me ?

Ada. Edgar, no, no—I love you—my heart is ——

Alan. Peace !

Edgar. Farewell : I would that I could have made you happy.

Ada. Do not leave me.

Edgar. I cannot bear to witness your love bestowed upon another—farewell. Dearest Ada, may you be happy !

Ada. Edgar ! Edgar ——

Alan. Stay—retire to your chamber—robe yourself for the altar, and remain there until my will beckons thee to come.

Ada. I obey.

[*Turns—Exit ADA, L. H. 2 E.*]

Alan. She is mine ! To-night, ere the moon rises, a new life drawn from the pure heart of a maiden must enter into this form. Ada shall be the victim—her life for mine !

[*Exit ALAN RABY, C. D.*]

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Castle.*

Enter DR. REES, L. H., with an old book.

Rees. Amongst the medical books which the Colonel brought from Flanders, I found this—a rare work by Dr. Dee. It is a Dictionary of Necromancy.

[*Examines book.*]

Enter JENNY and CORPORAL, R. 1 E.

Stump. Jenny, how do you feel just before marriage—don't you feel nervous ?

Jenny. No.

Stump. Don't you feel the responsibility?

Jenny. No—what does it feel like?

Stump. Do you know the duties of a wife?

Jenny. Yes; she is always up first, makes the fires, cleans up, and gets breakfast, washes everything, cooks the dinner, tidies round, waits up for you at night while you are drinking at the public house, creeps out after you and leads you home drunk, puts you to bed, and swears to all the neighbors that you are the best of husbands.

Stump. Jenny, your ideas of matrimony coincide with mine exactly.

Rees. What do I see?

Stump. Eh!—oh, 'tis the Doctor!

Rees. Oh, powers of darkness! what is this? [*Reads.*] "The Vampire: This strange monster is well authenticated—chiefly known in Germany. It is said that if a dead person be exposed to the first rays of the rising moon which touch the earth, a false life is instilled into the corpse."

Stump. Oh, Lord!

Rees. [*Reads.*] "Which possesses movement, and all signs of ordinary existence, except that there is no pulsation in the heart—this creature, living against the will of heaven, eats not, drinks not, nor does he require the refreshment of sleep." I am all over a cold perspiration!

Stump. What does he live on?

Rees. [*Reads.*] "This phantom recruits its life by drawing the life blood from the veins of the living, but more especially it chooses victims from amongst maidens pure and spotless. As the body of this monster is bloodless, so his face is said to be as pale as death."

Jenny. Oh, dear! the old Dominie is going to faint!

Rees. Jenny! Joe!—let me recover my reason. Is there not a legend in the village, a terrible story about this castle?

Jenny. The curse of Raby!

Rees. At long intervals the Phantom of Alan Raby visits this place, and his presence is known by the mysterious death of some daughter of his race.

Stump. Sixty years ago the beautiful Maud Raby was found murdered on the south battlement, the night before her bridal.

Jenny. But what does that matter now?

Enter EDGAR, R. H.

Rees. Nothing.

Edgar. Go, Corporal, the Colonel wants you in the chapel.

Stump. Come along, Jenny. [*Crosses to L. H.*] The parson is waiting like an executioner to tie the fatal knot. Oh, mysterious matrimony—as the dying philosopher said, "Now for the great secret!"

[*Exeunt* CORPORAL and JENNY.]

Rees. Edgar, my dear boy, where is Ada?

Edgar. My dear tutor, Ada loves me not, and I have fled from the sight of that happiness which she has bestowed upon another.

Rees. Another!

Edgar. You see this deed ? [*Produces the Will.*] It is the will of Sir Alan Raby.

Rees. Impossible ! what is here ? [*Examines the paper.*] Conveyance of the lands of Raby to Gervase Rookwood !

Edgar. Aye, Rookwood, whom she loves—she has confessed it, and even now she stands beside him at the altar, and the priest blesses their union.

Rees. Wedded to him ! And to save his estate, the Colonel consents to give his only child to this demon ?

Edgar. You wrong him ; Rookwood is a noble, generous rival.

Rees. You are all mad together. Stay, let me examine this paper—yes, amongst the old deeds contained in the family chest I have often read over the documents written by Alan Raby, and this is his handwriting—Ah !—Stop !—what date is this will,—see ?

Edgar. 1645.

Rees. Now see the water-mark upon the paper,—can you distinguish it ?

Edgar. 1750 !

Rees. Yet it is written in Alan Raby's hand—written by him on paper manufactured a hundred years after his death.

Edgar. A forgery !

Rees. Were I to tell you who, and what this creature is—you would laugh at my fears—but there is proof enough to save Ada from his clutch. [*Peasantry shout outside.*] It is too late—the ceremony is over ; they are now proceeding to the vestry to sign the contract.

Edgar. There we may compare with this paper, the signature of Rookwood—if it agree, I will protect Ada with my life !

[*Exit EDGAR, L. H.*]

Rees. And I will protect you all with mine. Now for the struggle with this phantom—let us see—what says the dictionary : [*Reads.*] “The Vampire can be destroyed by fire, or by a bullet, which must pierce his heart.” I saw the Colonel's pistol-case in the hall. “After death, his body must be kept from the moonlight, or, by the virtue of its rays, he will revive.” There's the prescription—I'll go and make it up.

[*Exit DR. REES, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in the Castle.*

ALAN RABY, ADA RABY, COLONEL RABY, JENNY and CORPORAL STUMP discovered.—*Table R. H., with Book and Writing materials upon it.—The CURATE seated.—Tableau.*

Curate. The papers are ready for signature.

Stump. Let me sign. [*Writes.*] There—Joseph Stump. Now, Jenny, it is your turn—make your cross

Jenny. There. [*Signs.*] Now, Mr. Curate, this man belongs to me, don't he ?

[*Goes to CORPORAL STUMP.*]

Stump. I surrender.

Curate. Now the bridegroom will sign.

Col. Speak, Ada, or shall I believe that silence gives consent !

Jenny. [*Aside to STUMP.*] Only to think of Miss Ada jilting Mr. Edgar.

Stump. Hush!—see, there he is.

Enter EDGAR and DR. REES, at the back, c. d.

Alan. She is mine.

[*Signs.*

[*EDGAR advances, and compares the signature with the writing of the will.*

Now, my beloved, let your hand for the last time trace the name of Ada Raby.

Edgar. Hold! I forbid this marriage to proceed.

Col. Edgar?

Alan. What means this outrage, sir?

Col. She faints!—Ada——

Alan. My bride! let me recover her——

Rees. [*L. c. up.*] Stop! I'll see to her. Bear her into the next room—Jenny, lend us your help.

[*COLONEL RABY, CURATE and JENNY bear out ADA, c.*
Hist! Corporal, I want you.

Stump. Me!

Rees. Listen! [*DR. REES and CORPORAL STUMP withdraw at c.*

Alan. [*L. c.*] Now, sir—may I ask for some explanation of your conduct!

Edgar. [*R. c.*] It is easily given. You are discovered! I hold in my hand the proof of your imposture—your signature yonder and this will are in the same hand-writing.

Alan. Malediction! And is this all the proof you possess to affix so grave a charge?

Edgar. No—it is not all the proof I have—this testament, purporting to be the will of Sir Alan Raby, and bearing date one hundred years ago, is written upon paper which has a water-mark shewing it to be scarcely five years old!

Alan. Well, sir, I confess it—that document is in my hand-writing. I intended to buy the hand, if I failed to secure the heart:—but she loves me!

Edgar. She knows not that you are an impostor.

Alan. You will tell her so—and thus, if you cannot gain her love you may at least blast her happiness.

Edgar. You saved my life—but that life is pledged to protect her against one who is capable of such an act as this.

Alan. I read your purpose. You will speak, if I do not silence you for ever; be it so. Meet me to-night, with what weapons and at what place you choose; let the survivor of a deadly combat obtain the hand of Ada Raby.

Edgar. Agreed. Where shall we meet?

Alan. In one hour hence the moon will rise above the peaks of Snowdon——

Edgar. The peaks of Snowdon!

Alan. There is a ledge of rock upon the topmost summit; it overhangs the torrent, affording just room enough for two deadly enemies

to stand—a deep abyss is all around,—it will serve for my grave or yours.

Edgar. You select a strange time and place.

Alan. Our combat must be without witnesses—as the cause of it must remain unknown. The disappearance of either of us will cause no surprise.

Edgar. I will meet you on the rock in an hour hence.

Alan. In an hour—— [Exit EDGAR, R. H.]
He is mine! [DR. REES and CORPORAL STUMP appear at back.]

Rees. [In a low tone.] Follow Edgar—don't lose sight of him.

Stump. [In a low voice.] I'll stick to him like a shadow.

[Disappears quickly, R. H.]

Rees. I'll attend to this one. Where shall I conceal myself? Yonder is the bridal chamber [Crosses to R. H., and Exits, 2 E.]

Alan. Now for my bride! Long ere I seek young Edgar's life-blood, Ada's loving spirit shall pass into my heart. Where is she? I see her: she sleeps fitfully—her father leaves her; he quits the room to seek Edgar. She is alone with the village girl. So, now the rustic bride moves towards the door, and leaves my victim alone. Ada! Ada! arise!—she obeys me. Come, I command thee!—so, she approaches—she is a slave to my will!

Enter ADA, C.

She sleeps—Ada!

Ada. I am here.

Alan. (L. H.) Ada!

[Down c.
 [She recoils from his touch.]

Ada. Touch me not, thy touch strikes cold into my heart—oh! let me sleep.

Alan. No—awake and be thyself, the hour is come.

Ada. Ah! my brain reels round

Alan. Ada—thou knowest me?

Ada. From what horrible dream do I awake?

Alan. Ada!

Ada. Ah!—you here?

Alan. Why do you look thus upon me?

Ada. Begone! you inspire me with terror.

Alan. Thou lovest me, thy soul is mine. Come to my heart, thou can'st not escape the spell my spirit has cast upon thine. Why do you repulse——

Ada. Because that breast upon which you press me, seems to be the bosom of a corpse, and from the heart within I feel no throb of life!

Alan. Ah! dost thou know me, then?

Ada. Away—phantom! demon!—thy soul is dark, thy heart is cold.

Alan. Ada—thy life must pass into that heart.

Ada. Avaunt!—leave me!—my father—Edgar—oh! my voice is choked with fear—avoid thee, fiend! abhorrent spectre!

[Retreats into room, R. H. 2 E.]

Alan. She is mine.

[Going to R. H. D.]

Enter DR. REES, a pistol in one hand, and the Great Book in the other.

Rees. Stop!

Alan. Perdition !

Rees. All right, I've got a preparation for you. Dr. Dee's Dictionary of Necromancy, under the genus Phantom, species Vampire,—how the animal may be destroyed by a bullet in the heart—I'm dead on the place !

Alan. Fool ! what means this rhapsody ?

Rees. It means that there is just a doubt on my mind whether you are mortal or devil, and I will give you the benefit of that doubt, if you will make a rush for it ; ecod, if not, I'll chance it.

Alan. Madman ! you shall repent this outrage. [*Aside.*] Edgar awaits me, I have a victim yet. [*Exit ALAN, c.*]

Rees. He's gone—I'll stick to him.

[*Exit DR. REES, c.*]

SCENE V.—*A Rocky Pass near the summit of Snowdon.*

Enter EDGAR, L. H.

Edgar. For an hour have I watched, yet he comes not ; the faint light of the coming moon shows that the hour is near ; yonder must be the ledge of rocks of which he spoke. I will await him there.

[*Exit EDGAR, R. H.*]

Enter CORPORAL STUMP, cautiously, L. H.

Stump. There he goes, still higher, over rocks and along goat tracks. I never was so near heaven before ;—hush ! I hear a footstep, some one ascends the mountain.

[*Conceals himself.*]

Enter ALAN, L. H.

Alan. I saw a form on this spot.

Stump. [*Peeping.*] 'Tis the devil ! Rookwood !

Alan. Ha ! yonder he climbs the path ; at least for him there is no escape ; at one blow I satisfy my hate, I obtain my revenge, and revive my drooping life.

[*Exit ALAN, R. H.*]

Stump. Ha ! he follows the captain—Oh ! Lord ! what am I to do ?

Enter DR. REES, L. H.

Rees. Hush !—I'll tell you.

Stump. Doctor !—are you there ?

Rees. Yes, and I have got my case of instruments and my dictionary—where is Edgar ?

Stump. Yonder—look !

Rees. I see him ; now, corporal, to work : are you a good shot ?

Stump. I can knock the cork out of a bottle of wine at forty paces.

Rees. In that case, take these pistols.

Stump. They belong to the Colonel, I know them well.

Rees. Are they true ?

Stump. As gospel !

Rees. Then follow me, for most likely I shall want them to preach—hush !—softly—this way.

[*Exeunt, R. H.*]

SCENE VI, AND LAST.—*The Peaks of Snowdon ; EDGAR discovered.*

Edgar. How chill the air is on this height, but how pure. The slightest sound is audible. Hark ! a footstep—yes, a dark form emerges from yonder group of rocks—'tis Rookwood !

Enter ALAN, L. H.

Alan. I am here.

Edgar. Our business needs no preface, sir ; I am at your service.

Alan. Yonder is the rock—follow me.

[Exeunt. and re-enter upon the ledge of rocks. They take off their coats and waistcoats.]

Edgar. Now, sir, I am ready, but, there is scarce room enough to engage our weapons—they are too long.

Alan. But this is short enough !

[Casts himself on EDGAR with a poignard.]

Edgar. A dagger !—ah, traitor !—murderer !

[EDGAR falls—ALAN kneels over him.]

Alan. Take it in thy throat, and let me slake my thirst in thy life-blood !

[A shot is heard outside—ALAN falls back with a cry—EDGAR rises.]

Enter DR. REES and CORPORAL, L. H.

Stump. I say, Doctor, I rung the bell, didn't I ?

Edgar. Doctor—Corporal—from what a monster have you preserved me !

[Disappears from ledge.]

Rees. See, a party with torches, ascend. It is the Colonel.

Enter COL. RABY, ADA and JENNY, L. H.

Col. I heard the sound of fire-arms.

Ada. Where is Edgar ?

Enter EDGAR, R. H.

Edgar. Here, dearest Ada, here, my own !

[Embraces ADA.—DR. REES exits, R. H.]

Col. You have escaped the impostor.

Edgar. Yonder he lies, pierced through the heart by a bullet.

Stump. And I shan't sleep any the worse on my wedding night, because I pulled the trigger.

Col. Ere the good old doctor hurried on your track, he related the particulars of the forgery ; trembling in every limb, he proclaimed the wretch to be the phantom of Alan Raby !

[The moon begins to rise.]

Ada. Dear, dear Edgar, the fearful influence of that man has passed from me, and I am your own again.

Col. But come, let us return home, the moon is rising, it will light our path. To-morrow we will send assistance to remove the body of that unhappy man.

Stump. But where is the Doctor ?

[The limbs of ALAN begin to show life.—DR. REES appears on the ledge of rock.]

Rees. Here I am, don't be anxious, I have a little duty to perform up here. I shan't be long.

Edgar. What can he mean?

Rees. Aye, now for the prescription. [*Reads.*] "It is said, that if the dead body of the vampire be exposed to the first rays of the rising moon which touch the earth, a false life is instilled into the corpse." And see, he revives—he revives!

Col. Stop, Doctor, I command you.

Rees. [*Reads.*] "After death, his body must therefore be preserved from the moonlight, lest, by virtue of its rays, he might revive." See—watch his heaving form—already the life comes back to him, limb by limb!

Col. Hold! what would you do!

Rees. Exterminate the phantom—into this black chasm, where the light of heaven never visited, I cast his body!—may his dark spirit sink as low into eternal perdition!

[*Casts the body of ALAN RABY into the abyss.*]

CURTAIN.

BOURCICAULT'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

to Washington, and then to Philadelphia. She was engaged to appear at the Chestnut Street Theatre, then in its last stage of decay. But from her it gained new life; once more thousands thronged its old porches and shook its roof with their thunders of applause. She gave an extension of life to the Chestnut. From thence she visited Chicago, Buffalo, Louisville, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. At New Orleans, in 1855, she appeared as "Violet," in

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS,

A PLAY, IN FIVE ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT.

We need give no description of this work. The whole press of the United States has recorded its merits. There was no dissentient voice. It is what the *N. Y. Daily Times* and *Herald* pronounced it to be, "The greatest dramatic effort of our age, and had the author never written but this one play, he would have entitled himself to a high place amongst the dramatists of the world." Amongst the works dedicated by Mr. Bourcicault to Miss Robertson, and which she performs with her own exquisite grace, are

THE CAT CHANGED INTO A WOMAN,

A PIECE OF NATURAL MAGIC, IN ONE ACT, BY DION BOURCICAULT,

AND

THE CHAMELEON,

A MUSICAL INTERLUDE, IN ONE ACT, BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

In the Summer of 1856, Mr. Stuart proposed to take Wallack's Theatre, in New York, if Miss Robertson would support his enterprise. A small, but efficient company was engaged, and under the advice and direction of Mr. Bourcicault, the theatre was opened on July 1st, with

THE PHANTOM,

A LEGENDARY DRAMA IN TWO ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT.

In one week the success of the enterprise was established, and although opposed by the greatest attractions at other theatres—Burton, the Ravels, the Bowery, and a host of entertainments—the theatre was crowded to excess, and the enterprise netted ten thousand dollars in a run of eleven weeks, unparalleled in the history of the New York stage. Still the attraction of Miss Robertson was paramount, and Mr. Burton secured her for his new theatre. She appeared in all her favorite characters, and amongst others in

BLUEBELLE,

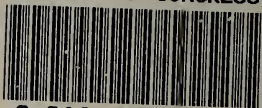
A FAIRY TALE, IN TWO ACTS, BY DION BOURCICAULT.

This is one of the sweetest creations of her genius; it is not second to her "Young Actress."

THE ABOVE WORKS ARE PUBLISHED BY

S. FRENCH, New-York.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 433 570 3



Miss Agnes Robertson.



A. BOBBETT, Sc.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 433 570 3

